

# Dooley

## Porter Wagoner

Dooley was a good old man he lived below the mill  
Dooley had two daughters and a forty gallon still  
One gal watched the boiler the other watched the spout  
Mama corked the bottles and old Dooley fetched them out  
Dooley slippin' up the holler Dooley tryin' to make a dollar  
Dooley give me a swallow and I'll pay you back some day  
The revenueurs came for him a slippin' through the wood  
Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his good  
Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come  
Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the tons  
Dooley slippin' up the holler...I remember very well the day old Dooley died  
The woman folk felt sorry and the men stood around and cried  
Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all alone  
They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a stone  
Dooley slippin' up the holler...  
Dooley slippin' up the holler...

Songwriters

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